

# US BOYS

## And Shrimp Hasn't Discovered the Story



### The Sandman Story

**Puss, a Mouse and a Spider.**

Brown Mouse came out of his hole in the wall, which landed him right on a shelf in the pantry. The hole was hidden by pans, and Brown Mouse never thought of such a thing as that the pans might be moved.

One day he was bold enough to run out in the daytime and stayed, and getting a bad fright from seeing Puss come into the pantry, he ran away from the door into the kitchen and out into the yard.

Here he managed to escape by running under the steps, where Puss could not follow him.

All day he stayed there and all night, too, and it was not until the next day that he could get back to his own home.

But what was his surprise when he went to the hole in the wall to find the pan had been removed and that Madam Spider had woven a web right over the opening, so that he was sitting there waiting for a stray fly.

"You have closed up the door to my house," protested Brown Mouse. "I am afraid I shall have to tear away your web, for I really must get in. You know, it isn't safe for me to be out here."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" wailed Madam Spider. "It took me so long to find this place, and I worked so hard to weave this beautiful pattern, and now you are going to destroy it. Of course, I cannot protect myself against such a powerful animal as you, Mr. Mouse, so I must submit. Oh, dear, oh, dear, how miserable I am."

Mr. Mouse grew thoughtful. "I suppose I am big and strong and ought not to take advantage of such a little frail creature as she is," he thought. "I won't break down her home."

"Don't worry, Madam Spider," said Mr. Mouse. "Stay right where you are. I can easily make another home by night time, and I do not think Puss will get to me here. I shall make myself easy; your home shall not be destroyed."

Madam Spider said she could never thank him enough and off he ran to make a new door to his home in the wall.

Some time after all this happened Mr. Mouse grew bold again and ran out of the pantry one day and Puss saw him.

Around the kitchen she chased him, and by and by she had him cornered. He could not get back to the pantry, and Puss was very sure of getting him, so she sat quite still and watched poor trembling Mr. Mouse, who was sure his end was near.

But he had a friend close by, though he did not know it, for right over Puss' head was the new home of Madam Spider, and when she looked down and saw what was going on she knew it was time to pay her debt of gratitude to Mr. Mouse.

Madam Spider let herself down by a slender thread right over Puss. Then she swung herself right into one of Puss' eyes.

Push bent her head and brushed her eyes with one paw. It was only a wink of time, but it was enough. Mr. Mouse was saved, for when Puss opened her eyes again he was gone.

Madam Spider, too, was safe up in her home again, feeling very contented, for had she not saved the life of Mr. Mouse, who once had spared her home?

That night, when Mr. Mouse was thinking over all that had happened, he suddenly remembered the spider that saved him.

"Why, I do believe it must have been Madam Spider, whose home I spared a long time ago," he said. "Well, you can never tell when you will need a friend, and even the weakest ones sometimes are able to do the biggest deeds of kindness." Copyright, 1919.

Tomorrow's story—"Black Fox and the Witch."—Part I.

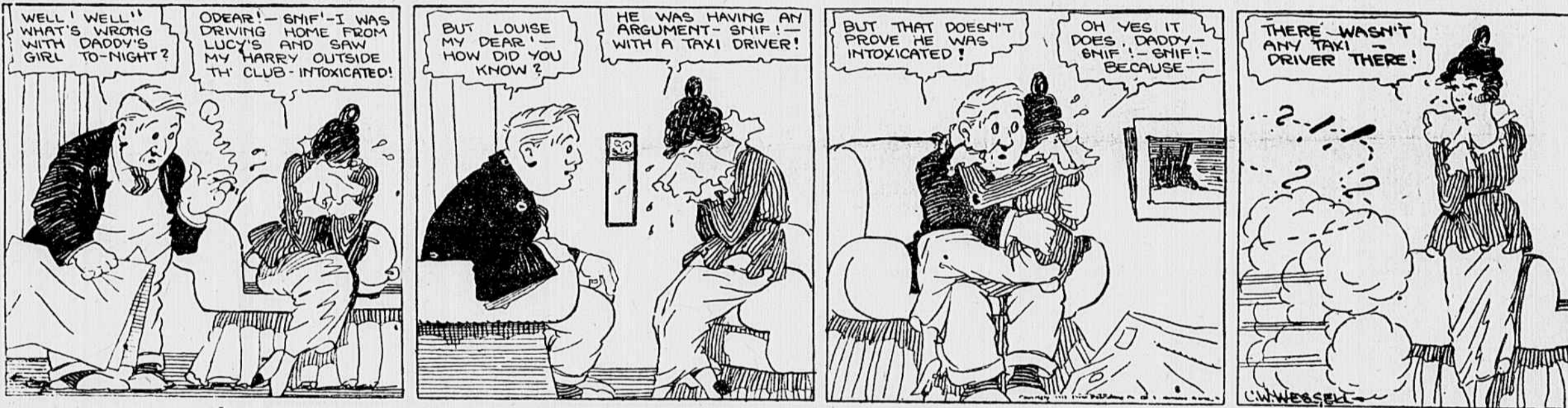
# JOE'S CAR

## Alphonse Is Getting Acquainted With the Car—and the Cops



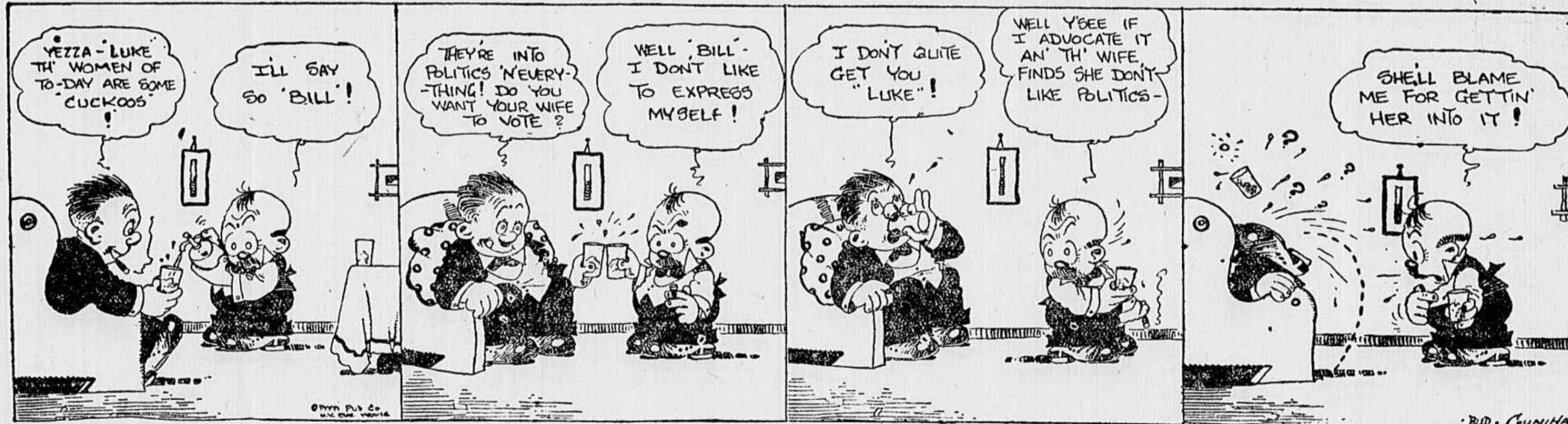
# LEAVE IT TO LOU

## Harry Probably Saw Two



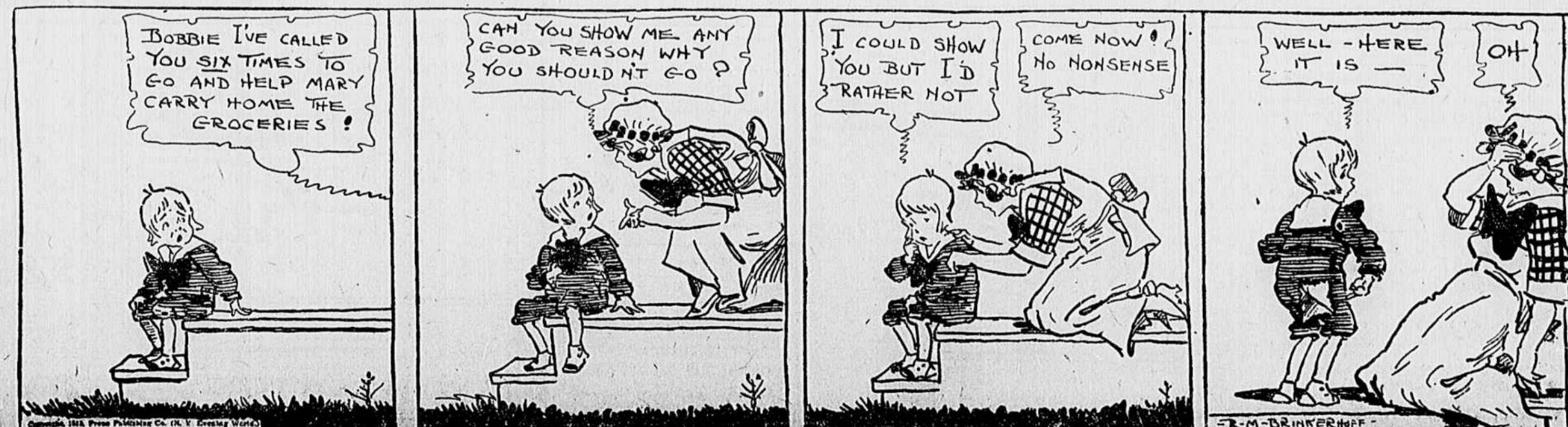
# THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

## Luke Will Have to Stand as the Innocent Bystander



# LITTLE MARY MIX-UP

## The Excuse Wasn't a Patch to the Evidence



### The Landlady Scores.

"Good morning, professor," said the landlady sweetly as that individual entered the breakfast room.

"I hadn't noticed it," returned the professor.

"Hadn't noticed what?" asked the landlady.

"That it is a good morning," returned he.

"It's raining cats and dogs outside. Where is my umbrella?" Mrs. Gog? I left it in the corner of my room on going out yesterday morning, and it's not there now. I can't understand why it is that the morality, integrity, the common, every-day honesty of life seems to disappear when one gets within the portals of this house. Where, madam—I demand to know—where is my umbrella?"

"Where?" replied the landlady, striking a high C and pouring hot water over the cat in her excitement. "Where? Why, the owner came here yesterday and recovered it!"

### His Contemplated Absence.

"In case I do not return, you will find full instructions in this envelope," solemnly said Cyrus K. Sav. "My will reposes in my safety deposit box. The case you have so long admired will become yours in the event that I fail to reappear. I have forgotten my enemies. Try to think as kindly of me as you can, and—"

"But gracious, uncle!" cried his young relative. "You are not contemplating suicide?"

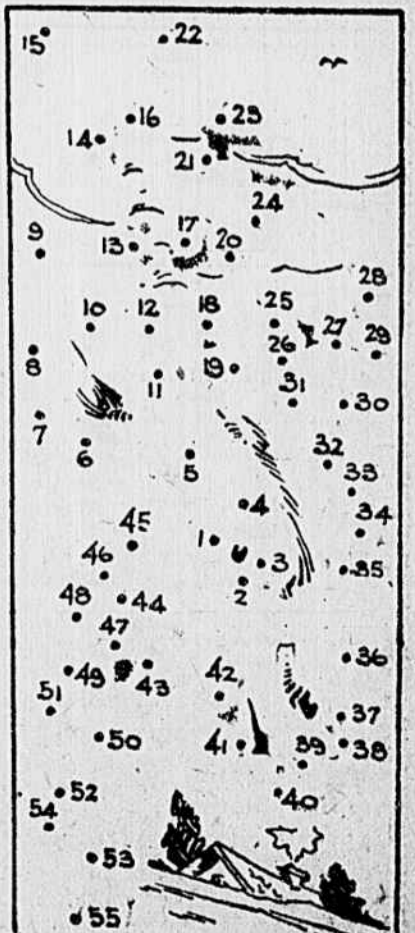
"No," returned the curmudgeon. "I am going downtown to match a sample of silk for your Aunt Samuella."

### Time's Changes.

Mrs. A.—How do you manage to keep your maid?

Mrs. B.—I'll tell you. In the old days we used to give the maid Thursday evening off. Now she takes the rest of the week and Thursday is our night out.

### Puzzle Picture



Ever see an Fifty-five brings one, I hope. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.